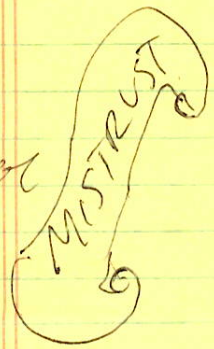
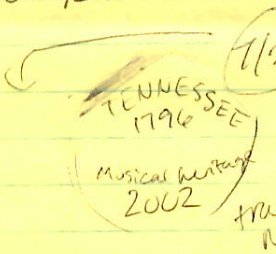
with my 'antennaes' the only true ideas come as the rest are asleep. In the middle of the night when 'listeners' leave. I stay awake to enjoy pure breeze

Now I know why these vows were never done... Of course my heart must've known all along. still I wait for my Cupid to wake—
so I take a vow of silence





and now my only friend has disappeared into the cracks

snowflake of Nashville lives

craig in #9 'dad did